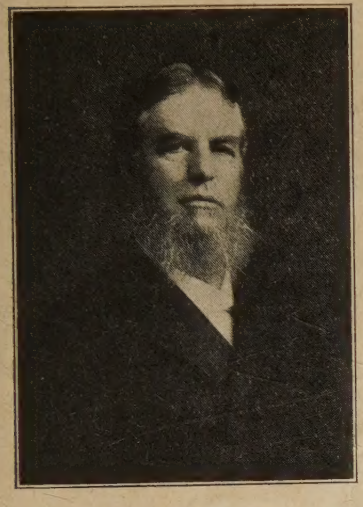
UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1911. NUMBER 7.

John White Chadwick

Had John Chadwick remained in the flesh he would be seventy-one years old on the date which this issue of UNITY bears upon its title page. Though it is nearly seven years since he passed out of sight he still lives in the hearts of his friends, in the lives of those who were helped by his spoken words and strengthened by his touch. He lives in his songs of Faith, Love and Brotherhood that are still lyric with life.



It is quite fitting and timely, then, that on this anniversary day we should relinquish the pages of UNITY to the interpretation and appreciation of John Chadwick as a poet by his brother in spirit. In an issue of UNITY published soon after his departure, Mr. Gannett interpreted the preacher, analyzed and illustrated his message of Brotherhood, the Gospel of Freedom, Fellowship, Character and Service. In this issue the poet sets himself to the fitting task of interpreting the poet in John Chadwick. Who but a poet should presume to estimate a poet or interpret his song?

When Mr. Gannett brings his words to UNITY, he brings them to his own, he but offers nourishment to the child of his loins, but welcome as are his thought-laden and appreciative words in this issue, they are not so welcome as the fragrant flowers he has culled from the rose-garden of Mr. Chadwick. Here is a precious anthology plucked from a field ever in danger of being neglected, though so near at hand. Why is it that even those who have poetry read it so sparingly? Why is it that those who know the exhilaration of the wine poets pour, put the goblet so seldom to their lips? Why are we so lured by the trivialities of fleeting prose, the entangling gossips and feverish "businesses" that go hurrying through our brains and hearts to oblivion while they who would interpret the affairs of time in terms of Eternity are so neglected?

We offer no apology, then, for any violations of editorial proportions or journalistic canons in giving the right of way to our poet friends in this issue.

How we have missed John Chadwick from the editorial columns of UNITY! His facile pen has found no successor. Had he stayed he would have enjoyed the progress made during his brief interval of silence. How he would have enjoyed the growing hatred of war and condemned the belated barbarisms of battle-ships, the wars and rumors of wars that still darken the skies! How he would have welcomed the growth in the civic righteousness that has exposed corruption and condemned the graft in high places! How promptly would he have taken his place with the men of the West who are breaking the partisan ties that bind them to dead issues! He would have sung for us the Song of Conservation, the Hymn of Reciprocity and the Anthem of the Peoples' Initiative, Referendum and Recall.

John Chadwick, were he alive, would bring, now as of old, the sanctions of religion, the blessings of the altar to those who are "on the firing line" of social reform and economic justice.

Who like John Chadwick could hail the glad news from California of Woman's entrance through the Golden Gate of Suffrage to her higher responsibilities and opportunities?

Would that John Chadwick could have stayed to see his own beloved Unitarian denomination slowly but surely rising to its logical destiny and duty as the Messenger of Free and untrammelled religion, a religion finding its sanctions in human needs, interpreting its high theology in terms of urgent sociology. Could he but know, he would rejoice in the demonstration that he at least planted fertile seed in his beloved Brooklyn and that the Church he served so long has found a worthy standard-bearer to continue the high history.

Were he to come back, how he would smile through his blushes as he read the inscription on the walls of his church home, a fac-simile of which is reproduced on our title-page. His modesty would disclaim the high praise, but his heart would rejoice that his friends so thought of him.

But why these "ifs," "perhapses," and past tenses? Why not rest for the moment at least in

his own cheerful faith that Eternity is now here, that though the shadows thicken around his old comrades, they lengthen toward the East, and the declining sun that makes them will presently be the rising sun that dissipates them?

Be that as it may, of one thing we are sure, borrowing his words:

> More homelike seems the vast unknown
> Since he has entered there,
> To follow him were not so hard
> Wherever he may fare.
>
> He cannot be where God is not,
> On any sea or shore,
> Whate'er betides, his love abides,
> Our God forever more.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

John White Chadwick's Poems

A Preacher's By-Product

By William C. Gannett

If poets themselves may be trusted, the poet and the preacher are kin. Matthew Arnold defines poetry as "a criticism of life:" that criticism is a large part of the minister's business. Browning says, "Little else is worth study than the development of a soul:" the minister studies nothing so much. Wordsworth in his "prefaces" dissects the poet's nature and function: hide but the word "poet," and we might think him at work on a minister. And a preacher's noblest themes are those which Wordsworth claims for his own in the lines that introduce his "Excursion." A poet in earnest is sure to become at times the prophet, a "spokesman for God": a preacher in earnest can hardly help lifting himself on wings of imagination. And what is theology itself but philosophy become poetry? Poets and preachers are kin.

Now and then this kinship is so evident that a preacher stands laurelled with the title "poet-preacher." A happy title, if too much be not made of it. As long as it implies merely a poetic quality in sermons, all is well. If it mean venture into actual verse, still well, yet danger begins; for such venture is apt to reveal our laurel-crowned as only poet-by-brevet. But ought it not to be so? Are there not reasons? A preacher's art should go by right into his sermons; the poem, if it comes, is a by-product. If he aspire and spend time to be also "poet," he probably succeeds, at least, in being the less "minister." Moreover, while poetry that springs up in his sermons as flowers spring in the field makes them the more beautiful, the sermon, should it over-run his poem, makes this the more prose: a preacher's poem is all too likely to urge a parable or at its latter end to uncurl a visible moral. And a third peril lies in a minister's excess of virtue! Friends craving lines for the dedication, their anniversary, their memorial, come pleading, "So easy for you!" and the good-natured Tennyson sacrifices himself on the altar of their "occasions." So the wise poet-preacher does well to wear his laurel with thankful humility, and to remind himself now and again that he is only a dweller on the foot-hills of Parnassus.

Of all the Unitarian circle in recent years John Chadwick best deserves the title, "poet-preacher." Robert Collyer's saxon-worded sermons have more of picture and song-ripple in them; nor are these lacking in others; but taking poetic quality, quantity and variety together, Chadwick stands almost alone. In life the title grew to be part of his familiar name, and at his death, seven years ago, it was used in many a tribute.

He went to Brooklyn to be minister in December, 1864, a boy of twenty-four, fresh from the Divinity School, and with only a Normal School training behind him when he entered the Harvard School. The little home in Marblehead held, in his father, a "captain courageous," one of the town's humble heroes of sea-peril—he was a fisherman making his regular fares to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland,—and a mother "all tenderness and love," to match the father's "incorrigible honesty." They gave their boy noble birth in giving him their inward best, but poverty like theirs could send no child to college. Scholarship in either science or language was never to be John's. In its place, by insatiable hunger for books and a rare assimilative memory, he made himself master of whatever in English literature, philosophy and criticism could best serve the purpose of a preacher of his generation preaching to a thoughtful and cultured city-congregation. One language in these days is enough, after all, to give a man all he can very well use,—so long as others do not know that it's enough and learn our languages for us. It was the wonderful era of transformation that in our national history followed the War, and in the world of mind followed the publication of Darwin's book and Spencer's philosophy and startling discoveries in the old Bibles of the race.

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven!"

In such a period to a minister able to divine and to reveal the religious bearings of the new ideas is assigned a lofty function. Chadwick was one of many who perforce ventured on a Columbus voyage over dim and perilous seas of thought,—beckoned by strange stars of "evolution" in the firmament towards new conceptions of the Bible, of the life of Jesus, of the nature of man, of the make of the universe, of the very meaning of "God." Few dared the voyage with higher courage or deeper joy in the quest than he. He, too, was a "captain courageous." Few made better land-falls,—few so good. Forty years went by, and the tablets of honor placed to his memory in his own Brooklyn chapel, and in the Divinity Hall chapel at Harvard, attest his success. On the Harvard tablet the inscription reads, "Interpreter, Preacher and Poet of the Liberal Faith": he had earned all three of the titles. The Brooklyn tablet, more explicit, calls him, "A tireless seeker for Truth; a revealer of the best in literature; a joyful interpreter of the Immanence of God in Nature and Soul; a prophet of the Faith of Evolution; and a fearless preacher of Freedom, Fellowship, Character, and Service as the essentials in Religion; a poet of the Life that is and that is to be; a tender friend in the gladness and sorrow of our homes." Every word is true. And for all those forty years he had been pastor of that small Brooklyn church, his single settlement. In these changing days such unchanging ministry is coronation in itself, bearing witness again to the depth of impression he made on the thought and life of those who knew and loved him best.

The main of his "interpretation" came, of course, through the sermons and lectures delivered to his people. In these he had ample opportunity week by week and year by year to voice the clearing vision of Man's relation to the Cosmic Life, the infinite, informing Life of Nature and the Soul,—and to voice it transfused with the feeling that filled his own heart with awe and trust and joyous thankfulness. His printed output became very large; fourteen book-sheaves of sermons; four books on theology or kindred subjects, —"The Faith of Reason," "The Man Jesus," "The Bible of Today," and "Unitarianism Old and New"; four biographies—that of Channing and that of Parker being the best short Life of each; three books of poems his own, and three more of his and his wife's collecting; besides magazine articles, and the book-notices which ran a steady stream till they reached into literal thousands. Throughout this work the "poet" showed in many ways,—in allusive illustrations from literature and life,—in echoes, of which his memory was full, from others' poems,—in a frolic shimmer of fancy playing over the surface of his deepest thought, —in flying glints of humor,—in the rhythm of his style, especially of his sentence-closes,—even in his preaching voice, that surged like a chanting bard's. A stray page torn from a printed sermon friends could almost recognize as Chadwick's by the color and the music of its lines. All of this work contributed to his repute as "poet-preacher"; but we are going to look now at only one thing,—his "by-product," his ventures into actual verse.

The first "Book of Poems" appeared in 1876, when he had been some twelve years with his people. The next, "In Nazareth Town," so-called from the opening poem, in 1883. Five years later, with a few additions and omissions, he made these two books one, returning to the simple early title. And since his death his wife has brought out "Later Poems," the upgathering of his last sixteen years, which he had hoped to offer to his people on the fortieth anniversary. In these two small volumes, then, "A Book of Poems" (1888) and "Later Poems" (1905), we have all, and probably more than all, he would have cared to keep in print,—a few more than two hundred poems.

They might be called the Poems of Five Joys,— there is so little in them of doubt or pain or protest; with one exception, so little of the problem and the tragedy of life. Many of them touch on mystery, but it is the tender mystery of things. To read his verse, especially the earlier book, is to loiter in a song-garden where "the ways are ways of pleasantness and all the paths are peace," with morning freshness over everything. His poems were his play,—not seldom his caress. His happy moods so easily and naturally escaped in verse that the book seems full of voluntaries. This has its charm; but for good art its danger, too. The poems lack the careful after-touch; and the result is lines that shoal the thought, verses whose absence would add strength, and whole poems good enough for their "occasion," but hardly for reprint. In by-products a man has right, perhaps, to choose his own proportion between care and carelessness, and we may even like him better for not caring over-much about his little things. Yet, in spite of that just said about the preacher trying to be poet, we cannot but wish that Chadwick had oftener chosen care, —the artist-pains that "make a lyric like a coin last." He thought he gave the pains: "You must not think that I do not go over things again and again, trying to find better words. But I do not have much luck in changing things. I distrust second thoughts." Could he have taken his gift of song more seriously, we might have had another Whittier.

And still how good to feel, to write, to leave behind, a lyric book of Five Great Joys! Joy in Nature, Joy in Love, Joy in this Life on Earth, Joy in Assurance of Immortal Life, Joy in the constant Sense of God. Into each one of these Joys let us follow Chadwick.

Joy in Nature

He heard the sea's voice first. A boy of Marblehead, he loved her waves, her tides, her storms, her kelp-bronzed rocks, her beach, her beach-birds and her very barnacles. Each one of these things has its verse, if not a poem, to itself. Of all days he loved best a summer day like that which left its peace in "By the Sea-shore," its longing in "My Barnacles," its simple pictures, such as these, in "All for Each:" *

I sit on the rocky headland
That juts from the queer old town,
Where the lichen-covered ledges
To meet the tides run down.

A single rower is fretting
The sea with a gentle sound,
And the breath of an ended summer
Is whispering around.

The dories sway at their moorings,
As they catch the fitful breeze,
And they sidle against each other,
As if themselves to please.

But 'tis only me they are pleasing,—
The picture is all for me;
And the gray clouds sailing over,
And the sunlight on the sea.

Mine is the butterfly's rapture,
And mine is the sea-gull's pride,
As he sees his whiteness mirrored
Far down in the gleaming tide.

And all the ships in the offing,
Outward and inward bound,
Are mine, and with my ventures
Go sailing the world around.

Mine by the Law of Beauty!
And men may give or withhold
When He who is God of Beauty
Her secret to us has told.

The hills became a second love even before he made the old farm-house on a hill-top in western Massachusetts his constant summer home. The most elaborate mountain-piece is "Bald-Cap Revisited,"—his modest "Tintern Abbey." Two hillside days, one of spring-time, one of fall-time, are shining still in "Whitsuntide" and "Nirwana." "Real and Ideal" tells how the distant purple of the circling uplands may be reached. In "Lost and Found" he asks the question asked by so many at a summer's end,—

Where have they gone, the happy summer days,
With all their loveliness of earth and sky?

*Most of even the longest quotations that follow contain but part or parts of a poem,—and two or three times I venture to change a word and borrow from the context, in order to link the new-joined parts into better wholes for citation.

and answers:

These summer days that have so sweetly fled
Have their Avallon, wherein they abide
Like good King Arthur after he had died,
Or seemed to die, when still he was not dead.

It is a quiet place within the heart,
Where they live on for many an after-day,
Blessing alike our labor and our play;
And nevermore from us do they depart.

And when we know not why we are so gay,
And when we laugh, nor know the reason why,
God sees in us a gleam of summer sky,
Or hears some brook go laughing on its way.

In "Later Poems" both sea and hills lie strangely under the horizon, and flowers have now his heart, like "Jewel-Weed,"—his "Daffodils:"

Dainty enough to grace a lady's ear,
Thousands of blossoms swaying to and fro
In the light wind, and countless butterflies
In the bright sunshine softly come and go,
On honey bent. The flowers are orange-hued,
And orange-hued the feasters on their sweets.
So like the two, that pretty doubts intrude
Anent this wonder that my vision greets;
For half I deem the flowers are butterflies
That on the flowerless stalks have come to stay,
And half, or more, that the bright butterflies
Are blossoms that the wind has blown away.

But, lover of beauty, he knows well, "than moon or star or sun more fair, the blessed wonder of the human face," while yet its wonder correlates with all the rest of Nature's loveliness:

Not proud because thou art so beautiful,—
'Tis falsely said,—thou art but glad of heart
To feel thy glorious beauty is a part
Of all the beauty that is anywhere
On land or sea or in the gleaming air:
Such gladness is less proud than dutiful.

One day a letter from a friend alluded to a poem lying latent for some poet in the Bible-text, "They brought a man lame from his birth and laid him at the gate of the Temple which is called Beautiful." Promptly came reply: "I thank you for that word! What word? About the gate of the Temple called Beautiful. I went off at once and wrote a poem about it, and would have sent it to you to finish your sermon with, if it were not so long." Of the fifteen verses, these are five.

Lame from our birth; and daily we are brought
And at the Gate called Beautiful are laid:
Sometimes its wonder makes us free and glad;
Sometimes its grandeur makes us half afraid.

With what designs its panels are inwrought,
O'ertraced with flowers and hills and shining seas,
And glorified by rise and set of suns,
And Junes of blossom and October trees!

So beautiful, yet never quite the same:
The pictures change with every changing hour,
Or sweeter things come stealing into view,
Which stronger things had hidden by their power.

Listening, he hears it swing, this Gate, to

Music of little children at their play;
Of mothers hushing them to sleep and dreams;
Of all the birds that sing in all the trees,
Of all the murmuring of all the streams.

And this is but the Gate,—the Temple what?

Thou art the Temple! and, though I am lame,
Lame from my birth, and shall be till I die,
I enter through the Gate called Beautiful,
And am alone with thee, O thou Most High!

Joy In Love

Next, the Joy of Love,—and here the poems cluster many. His earliest book of verse he dedicated, in an outpouring of affection, to his home-makers all,—father, mother, sisters two, the good grandmother, and his little children,—

But most of all to one whose hand
Lies close in mine where'er I roam,
My sternest critic, safest guide,
The dear wife-angel of my home.

He designates them one by one, with hint of what he owes to each, somewhat as the good Emperor in his "Meditations" designates and thanks his teachers. Years after, on the Pacific shore, chancing on "a common weed" that used to grow beside the old red cottage by the eastern sea, he feels

A spell that puts my heart in tune
With all the poor pathetic things
Of that young life so long ago.

He sees again the tiny yard, the open door, the yellow floor, the "mother with her gentle eyes," the "father bronzed as those who go down to the sea in ships,"—

And just because you have the power
To work this miracle for me,
Poor little, nameless, graceless flower,
I love you very tenderly.

He printed a short story of that brave father's life, and to him dedicates the "Songs of Good Courage," —the collection whose first title is, "Through Love to Light,"—and hung the father's old sea-faring quadrant, as others hang a father's sword, upon his city walls; and made, of course, his poem to it there. He seldom writes a "love-poem," but often we can catch the wife's face through the lattice of some line, and once in a quaintly pretty little four-verse all her own, called "Fate:"

All unconscious I beheld her;
Knew not that my fate was nigh,—
Fate that wears such various aspect
To the victim's laughing eye.

Poets, painters, still to paint her
Dark and gloomy, do their best:
Were I painter, I would paint her
All in cherry-color dressed.

She should be a little maiden,
Modest, shrinking, sweet and fair,
At a party, playing forfeits,—
Looking, "Kiss me, if you dare!"

Did I kiss you? If I didn't,
'Twas the blunder of my life.
Was the last the hundred millionth?
Just one more, then, little wife!

The sonnet, "Given in Marriage," is one for the tearful twos to read together in the lonely silence after their "little girl is wed" and "all the pretty pageantry is done:"

Yes, she is gone! The blessed words are said
That make her of another's life a part.
And the deep vows are spoken, heart to heart
Responding, and my little girl is wed
To her true mate, and, homeward, music-led,
Her feet have come; and we have seen her start
Forth and away, so glad, while we the smart
Of tears have known in lonely silence shed.
The frolic laughter ceases, and the fun
Of the bright company of happy friends.
Thinking kind thoughts of her, each homeward wends
His way, and all the pretty pageantry is done.
God has her in his keeping: Yes, but I
Can only think of her first infant cry.

There are three or four poems born of nursery bliss. "The Oldest Story," a cunning cuddle of words, is the very one to send to a young mother when, at last, her child is safely cradling in her arms. "In an Unknown Tongue" and "The Father's Joy" may serve to celebrate the baby's first birthday; and "A Dedication" marks the time when the unknown tongue is breaking into English through the household names. Chadwick is at his best in poems like these, in which the art's success consists in artlessness. "The Oldest Story" shall be told once more:

Under the coverlet's snowy fold
The tiniest stir that ever was seen,
And the tiniest sound, as if fairy-folk
Were cuddling under a leaf, I ween.

That is the baby: he came to town
Only a day or two ago;
But he looks as wise as if he knew
All that a baby can ever know.

Hear him gurgle and sputter and sigh,
As if his dear little heart would break,
And scold away, as if all the world
Were only meant for his littleness' sake.

Blink, little eyes, at the strange new light!
Hark, little ears, at the strange new sound!
Wonderful things shall you see and hear
As the days and the months and the years go round.

Hardly you seem a Life at all;
Only a Something with hands and feet,
Only a Feeling that things are warm,
Only a Longing for something to eat.

Have you a thought in your downy head?
Can you say to yourself so much as "I?"
Have you found out yet that you are yourself?
Or has God, what you will be by and by?

It's only a little that we can guess,
But it's quite as much as we care to know;
The rest will come with the fleeting years,
Little by little,—and better so.

Enough for the day is the good thereof:
The speck of a thing that is lying there,
And the presence that fills the silent house
With the tender hush of a voiceless prayer.

In nursery connection, white-haired readers may like to read this "To Jacob Abbott:" could after-clap of benediction be more delicate?

Dear charmer of a thousand happy hours,
My earliest guide into those blessed ways
Wherein I have delighted all my days,
Sweeter to me than laggard August showers
To thirsty fields it was, to hear thee tell
Of Happy Rollo, and of Jonas wise,
And Lucy with her meek inquiring eyes,
And all that happed to dearest Mary Bell.
Now thou art gone, so long the children's friend!
But, as I muse, I seem at heaven's door
To hear a sound which there I heard before,
When Danish Hans that way did softly wend,—
A sound of children making merriest din
Of welcome, as the old man enters in.

Chadwick was a man of many friends, and a lover who delighted to express his love in words. In all true ministers the early years of work are sure to call out much of tenderness; but the young Brooklyn pastor had a gift almost unique of voicing his sympathy in verse. Many pages of his first book hold sweet parish parables of life and death, written in some stress of his people's joy or sorrow,—"a wedding or a festival, a mourning or a funeral." "A True Story," "Catching Sunshine," "Water and the Spirit," "Little Hannah," "Three Happy Souls," "Two Waitings," "Seven Times Eleven," are examples of this rare and happy power; each poem endeared, each one endearing him, to certain homes.

Another pleasant friendship-way he had was to greet with rhythmic hail the Fathers of the Unitarian Church, as they reached some summit of their years, or passed over it from sight. Such are his lines to Dr. Furness and to Dr. Hedge, both well-beloved, and well beloving him; to Ezra Stiles Gannett,—"At Eve there shall be Light;" to Edward Everett Hale and Robert Collyer. Our "dear old Robert" on his seventieth birthday got a song that must have rolled over him, as he listened to it, in great heart-waves. That was in 1893, and still his "shining face" obeys his poet's closing plea,—

Stay with us, Robert! Do not go away!
Stay with us yet for many a happy day,
Huge, joyful, tender!

Better than any of these ministerial salutes, perhaps, is a *diaconal* to "Deacon Humphreys, Ninety-four Years Old." Old age falling upon sleep could hardly have its dreams more tenderly translated. As years went on, another function fell to Chadwick: on centennial anniversaries of great men gone he was often asked to give the poem of "occasion." Although he welcomed the invitation, it never bore him to his highest mood. His "Emerson" rose perhaps as nobly as any other tribute in verse on that wide-circling festival in May, eight years ago, for which no poet appeared sufficient. It was his second "Emerson." He wrote an earlier for a festival in Chicago, held by the Western Unitarian Conference to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the "Divinity School Address." The poem was printed at the time, but somehow slipped out between his books,—perhaps was purposely omitted. Cambridge-trained ministers with sensitive memories would smile over his picture of the hard-benched upper chamber, called a Chapel, where the famous Address was given in that "refulgent summer," that will never fade, of 1838.* This is the poem's close:

Dear noble friend, thine earthly course is done!
Where slant the arrows of the westering sun
Through Concord's pines, thy body sleeps, and near
Are those who, living, held thy spirit dear.
Thy body sleeps: but ever wakes thy heart
In all good things; in every better part
That men can choose, for whom thy living truth
Has something in it of immortal youth.
Through thee more bright the spangled heavens glow;
Through thee more sweet the summer roses blow;
More fair through thee the stormy winter flies,
And each new May is lovelier in our eyes.
Best gift of all, through thee the yearning soul
Holds sweeter converse with the Eternal Whole;
Knows that God *is*; not *was*, and now is dead;
Knows that God speaks wherever truth is sped;
That never justice makes us greatly dare,
Or love resign, but God himself is there.
Blessed our eyes that we thy face have seen!
Our minds more blest that they so oft have been
With thine in heavenly places! Yea and there,
Where conquering souls shall breathe immortal air,
O blessed hope, that we may hail some day
Thy great soul holding its eternal way!

*See the extract on page 108.

Like that is the ascension verse which closes his earlier ode on Channing's centenary:

There is no ending to thy road,
No limit to thy fleeting goal,
But speeds the ever-greatening soul
From truth to truth, from God to God!

So great was his delight in praising thus men whom he honored, that, when invited to give the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard in 1885, he chose for theme, "A Legend of Good Poets," that is, of the elder six who gave New England fame. Three then had passed into the silence, three were living still. But all his praise was prelude to the question,—

Shall this teeming, rushing, roaring time
Give warmer pulses to the Poet's rhyme?
Shall not its hopes, its fears, its passionate pain,
Make all his bells to deeper music chime?
Yea and Amen!

Finally, in this same group, the Joy of Love, belong the poems in which his reverence for Jesus speaks,—speaks with that careful disclaimer of being "worship," which our freer day may happily begin to smile at, but which seemed a necessary honesty to Unitarians of the last century. "In Nazareth Town," "Our Christmas Day," and a sonnet called "Unconsciousness," show what we mean. The Jesus that he reverenced was he,

From out whose heart there came
The music of a life at one with God,
Which makes the ages echo with his fame,
And "Holy Land" the land which erst he trod:
And still, though tender, he with words of blame
Encountered one who dared to call him good.

O brother of the righteous will,
O brother full of grace,
Once more the human glory bathes
Thy grave and earnest face!

Thou art the Life: in thee we find
The glory that our lives might wear
If we for love and truth and right
Could learn to do and dare.
Thou art the Way; for still to know
What goodness ever reigns above,
There is no other way than thine,—
To live the life of love.

Joy in Life

And now the Joy of Life. Chadwick's power, when young, to enjoy, just to enjoy, was genius. With Emerson, "health and a day" were all he asked, "to make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." His joy seemed like a child's delight, with a grown man's consciousness of the delight. In the poems it bubbles out from many differing sources. The "All for Each," and "By the Sea-shore" and "Nirwana," already named, are each the chronicle of a single day; and in the same kind are "The Greatest Wonder," "Wakeful," "What do I Know?" "Works and Days." Sometimes he tries to compress into a verse the gladness of a whole year made up of wonder-days: "Annus Mirabilis" is such a sonnet, or, rather, brace of sonnets; and "Another Year" has given our hymn-books one of the happiest of "Happy New Year" songs,—the one that, after telling off the largess of the twelve-month, ends—

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God!

And as the joining days become his year of joy, so the joining years become his life-time of delight. When in "Identity" he asks how he shall know, in "that strange land beyond the sea of death,"

That I am he who once in other spheres
Drank to the lees so many golden years,
And called so many loving hearts my own,

he hints his own life-story; and still more of it in answering that the swiftest, surest sign that his old self and his new self are the same ,shall be,

That in my inmost heart I find
The thought of thee so lovingly entwined.

To her, "sweet wife," he had already written "With a Book of Ballads:"

The time *is* short; the more the reason then
For filling it as full as it can hold
With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truth,
And joys of love and labor manifold.

Then should it chance, as we would fain believe,
Life's glory waits us in some other sphere,
Its first great joy shall be, we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

Beauty and Love,—that is to him earth's common "Way of Life," as still another sonnet pictures it. And "the Prism" is his refutation of the "majestic scorn" in Shelley's lines,—

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Born in happier days than Shelley, with a "clearer vision of the steadfast good" he declares of that same dome,—

If but we could
Speak simple truth, the dome of Life would be
No glass discoloring God's eternal light;
Rather a glorious prism, which, as the night
Makes heaven stars, his white infinity
Makes warm and tender, and we live impearled
With all the sweet perfection of the world.

The sweet perfection of the world! Was this so happy poet or heartless, then,—an easy-going and unshadowed optimist? Certainly he was one who felt the soul of goodness in things accounted evil; one, too, who pondered deeply and wrote wisely of the problem-side of such things,—but not in poems. It must be remembered that our singer had every week his pulpit-hour in which he could, at need, expound the mysteries, and pity suffering, and take brave sides with lonely rights, and cleanse the Temple and denounce the Pharisees; and Chadwick in his pulpit was a faithful spokesman of the Lord, and preached oft-times and trenchantly against social wrongs. In "Later Poems" there are six sonnets of lamentation over certain wrecks of personality, and two of stinging satire against those who make of war either a glory or a jest. These are rare exceptions, however, to his sunny mood in verse. But even for such mood can "easy-going optimism" be the name, when one gives nearly one-fourth of his two hundred poems—as Chadwick does—to themes of Death and Immortality? To this fourth "Joy" we follow him.

Joy in the Sense of Immortality

A true minister in active work lives constantly and consciously in sight of Death and what Death means of sadness and of gladness. His people's hearts, his people's homes, all open into his; and as the mothers, fathers, children vanish, the two worlds

seem to blend, until the other life is not so much another or a future life as an unseen side of this. The mystery grows familiar to him, part of that Nature in which "the evening and the morning are the day;" a shadow, but, as in the landscape, a shadow softening, deepening, beautifying all that lies in light. Again and again among his people he sees that the highest reaches of a soul's experience are not touched until it is connected with this mystery—Death teaching it the things of deathlessness. At last, with all its sorrow, Death is realized as but a necessary incident in the mysterious and beautiful process whose whole name is "Life;" and the home-circle that holds no one out of sight seems hardly yet complete. This feeling about Death it is the minister's privilege to translate into comfort, light and peace for others in the hour of darkness.

Chadwick attained true ministry in this experience. Because he faced Life so intimately with his people, he faced Death intimately with them,—sharing their desolation and their longing, trying to share with them his hope, his faith, his glad assurance. Did he never doubt? Enough, perhaps, to know the abiding ache that doubt brings many a heart. With him, a thinker, it was a pondered problem and a reasoned trust, and in sermons he not seldom analyzed the reasons out. But before, below, beyond all reasonings his faith was really heart-trust, and therefore it could dim and brighten with the mood. To one who questioned what he meant, in a new hymn of his, by "perfect" trust in the re-union of friends hereafter, he answered, "When I write hymns, I write from the top of my condition, from the feeling of my best hours. If 'perfect' means that I always feel that way, then it is not the right word. But that hymn was written in a mood of immortality, just after a great experience in dealing with the theme. Print 'tenderly' for 'perfectly.'" As years went on, assurance, far from dulling, clarified and strengthened. On the twentieth anniversary of his settlement he told his people that his feeling was a "hope'—"one which all that is tenderest in us, sweetest, best, infallibly inspires. But I have ever tried of late to subordinate it in myself, and in your hearts, to the sublime assurance that, if there are conditions which make the fruition of this hope impossible, the Eternal knoweth what is best." On his twenty-fifth anniversary he could tell them that, happy as he was before, "I was yet happier when it was at length borne in upon my mind," by the doctrine of Evolution, "that this better thing for us—immortal life—is something without which that doctrine cannot be made perfect." Man's slow process of development attests the greatness of his worth, and "the long way he has come, a longer way to go." "Never at any earlier stage of my experience did I have such a happy and rejoicing faith as I have now, and I cannot preach a sermon which is not infected more or less with its divine hilarity."

It is no wonder, then, that, with his gift of verse, his sympathy with those in sorrow so often took this form of utterance; and hardly wonderful that nearly one-fourth—forty-nine by count—of all his poems deals with the thought of Death and Immortality. Many of these make tender betrayal of their source in individual sorrow, but by no means all. The theme itself possessed him. A group so large gave opportunity to approach it from many sides and view it in many lights. Much of Chadwick's service as a poet to others than his own people lies in this group of poems. His forty-nine, like Tennyson's hundred and thirty-three in "In Memoriam," could easily be strung into an ordered rosary of thought and comfort,—in sequence such as this, perhaps, with several poems in each section:

1. The Glory that is Here.
2. The Mystery.
3. Expectancy and Trust.
4. The Going.
5. Nature's Sympathy.
6. Longing.
7. The Argument.
8. The Choir Invisible.
9. There.

Among so many we select four sonnets that, beginning in the glory of the seen, lead tenderly across the line, and leave us far within the wonder of the unseen.

The Way of Life

Of all peculiarly beautiful things in Japan, the most beautiful are the approaches to high places of worship or of rest,—the Ways that go to Nowhere and the Steps that lead to Nothing.—*Lafcadio Hearn.*

A thought is here, O spirits that deny
To cheer us, when your doleful prophecy
Of Nothingness and Nowhere breathes its sigh
Upon our hearts. For even if so it be,
And Death ends all, how beautiful the Way
That leads us thither,—lit with suns and stars,
Bright with the seasons' magical array,
The morning's and the evening's cloudy bars,
The birds and poets singing as we go
From east to west across the pleasant land;
The clouds majestic, moving to and fro;
And dear companions always close at hand,
Heart-full of love! So rich, O God, the store
Of perfect things, how dare we ask for more?

"Shore Acres"

How sweetly it comes back, how tenderly,
That evening's end! No little thing forgot;
The fire made safe; set back the steaming pot;
Windows and doors shut tightly as could be;
The tall clock wound; the house all still; and then—
The dear old man his candle takes, and goes
To seek his own well-earned, prayer-blest repose,
His heart at peace with all the sons of men.

And, when we to the end of toil have won,
And it is time for us to go to bed,
May we as gently move unto our rest,
Leaving no simplest, needful thing undone,
No word of healing gentleness unsaid,
Some lamp of God close to our bossoms pressed!

The Priceless Pearl

"Death, the Egyptian, melts and drinks the pearl:"
And straight a rapture through his being runs,—
A fire that seems the essence of all suns
That ever made the summer pomp unfurl
Its banners, and the green leaves softly curl
Back from the fruit; a sense of shining ones
Engirding round, until his vision shuns
The awful splendor of that radiant whorl.
And then a voice: These things wouldst thou explore?
Who drinks the pearl of life, compounded so
Of love and joy and hope and peace and pain,—
All sweetest, saddest things that mortals know,—
Drinks to his own salvation: he shall gain
Life beyond life, and Death shall be no more!

How he will know himself to be himself in that new life has been already told; and, close by that secret of "Identity," lies this of

Recognition

When souls that have put off their mortal gear
Stand in the pure, sweet light of heaven's day,
And, wondering deeply what to do or say,
And trembling more with rapture than with fear,
Desire some token of their friends most dear,
Who there sometime have made their happy stay,
And much have longed for them to come that way,—
What shall it be, this sign of hope and cheer?
Shall it be tone of voice, or glance of eye?
Shall it be touch of hand, or gleam of hair
Blown back from spirit-brows by heaven's air,—
Things which of old we knew our dearest by?
Oh, naught of this; but, if our love is true,
Some secret sense shall cry, 'Tis you and—you!

Three of these four sonnets are from his "Later Poems." Of the third he wrote a friend, "I am glad you liked my 'Priceless Pearl,' because you believe in doing things slowly, and I wrote that in ten minutes at a friend's house, immediately after reading T. W. Higginson's sonnet, 'An Egyptian Banquet.'"

So far as he tried in verse to hint an "argument" for future life, we find it best in two early poems. "Sadness and Gladness," from its date (1865), may have been the very first one written for a Brooklyn home. It should be read entire by mothers, for it begins—

There was a glory in my house, and it is fled;
There was a baby at my heart, and it is dead.

But should you ask me how it is that yours can stay,
Though mine must spread his wings and fly away,

I could but say that God, who made this heart of mine
Must have intended that its love should be the sign
Of his own love.

The poem goes on, but that is all the argument. It is, at least, the basis of the strongest comfort that we have: the mother's love, of Nature born, is sign and surety of love in Nature through and through. The stream cannot rise higher than its source; the flower can not be sweeter than the Spring; the mother's heart cannot be tenderer than that which makes, the wide world over, mother-hearts to lay the new-born on. "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers," said the old Rabbi; as we would say it, "God, in order to be everywhere, made mothers." And so our poet can sing on:

I know that God gives nothing to us for a day;
That what he gives, he never cares to take away.

And when he comes, and seems to make our glory less,
It is that, by and by, we may the more confess
That he has made it brighter than it was before,—
A glory shining on and on for evermore!

The other plea lies in lines, as musical, entitled "Where?" In this the reasoning, more elaborate, is from the indestructibility of body to the indestructibility of soul:

A thousand summers shall grow pale through all the land
And still her precious dust shall lie in God's right hand.

And shall the garment that she wore exist so long,
And she that wore it be as is—an ended song?

There are two poems in this group that have had a long and blessed history of comfort. Many a time at the last Good-bye they have been used to add their simple, home-like tenderness to the solemn Bible passages. One is called—

The Other Side

Climbing the mountain's shaggy crest,
I wondered much what sight would greet
My eager gaze, whene'er my feet
Upon the topmost height should rest.

The other side was all unknown;
But, as I slowly toiled along,
Sweeter to me than any song
My dream of visions to be shown.

At length the topmost height was gained;
The other side was full in view;
My dreams,—not one of them was true,
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand
There stretched a valley broad and fair,
With greenness flashing everywhere,—
A pleasant, smiling, home-like land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
Upon that mountain-top of death,
Where we shall draw diviner breath,
And see the long-lost friends we love.

It may not be as we have dreamed,
Not half so awful, strange and grand;
A quiet, peaceful, home-like land,
Better than e'er in vision gleamed.

But the other song, "It singeth low," has had a welcome and a service all its own. It has gone far and wide into the hymnals,—more than twenty was the count as long ago as 1896, and it must have doubled since. Unitarians, Universalists and Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Jews, and doubtless others, have all taken it into heart-use. Next to "Nearer, my God," by Sarah Flower Adams, it seems likely to become, if it be not already, the best known of all the Unitarian hymns. Each breathes a universal human longing,—one the longing of the soul for God, the other the heart's longing for its dead; and, all apart from creeds, the human spirit claims its own in every kind wherever it discovers it. It was one of two hymns that Chadwick wrote for the twenty-fifth birthday of his Brooklyn church, in 1876, when he had been its pastor not yet a full twelve years. But twenty-five or twelve are long enough in any little circle for "the kind, the brave, the true, the sweet," whom we have loved, to "walk with us no more,"—and so to wake a tender thought of "auld lang syne." This was the title that he gave his song, and this the air he had in mind for it. "Materna" fits it well, and "Rochester;" and several tunes have been written for it. Its secret lies in its simplicity. Very softly it begins,—memory stealing into words, and the "each and all" uniting all hearts in the hush. The thought of what they were, and what they still are, to us, follows close, and the song rises into thanksgiving. Then the feeling widens to a sense that we all are going together, homeward, into God, and memory becomes expectancy and trust.

It is not likely that John knew that day how sweet, how dear, how comforting a song had come through him; but he knew later, and was glad. To one who wrote him of it, when it was a song still young, he answered, "What you say about the 'Auld Lang Syne' does me good. I always wished that I might write, if not 'one gem of song defying age,' one hymn that would be loved; and your word, with many others, encourages me to think that I have done so." The last line of the second verse is given as he changed it himself from the original, "Although

they are no more."

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the heart,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more!

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They can not be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore!

Joy in the Sense of God

The Joy in God! Chadwick's heart seems never far from some one of the moods of worship. Nature, beauty, love, joy, sorrow, all to his thought and feeling had a common centre,—God; and the feeling was ever ready to over-brim the thought. This sense of God made prayer and poem voluntaries of happy greeting to the Life and Love he knew within himself and recognized in all things. No "miracle" for him:

Thy seamless robe conceals thee not
From earnest hearts and true;
The glory of thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through.

No "other-worldliness;" rather he craves

A song to wean us from all other worlds
Till we have learned how wonderful is this.

From the widening science of the century he borrowed all he could to deepen and enrich the thought of God, and naturally became an early and rejoicing "evolutionist." Of course his sermons tell the evolution story better than his verse. When he tries to sing the faith, as in "The Rise of Man" and "The New Science," his simplest effort with least science in it is his most successful,—the "Easter Hymn" of 1890. His joy over the result of evolution in religion,—"the vision's wider scope, the glory vaster grown," of truth—declares itself in several anniversary or missionary hymns:

Thou glorious God, before whose face
The generations pass away,
As to our eyes the tender grace
And marvel of each shining day!

We praise thee for the surer right,
The clearer message from above,
The lengthening day, the shortening night,
The wiser ministries of love.

From the inscriptions in the "glory-haunted" Hall of Harvard he reads a parable of "The Over-Soul" who uses the blind heroisms of men to work transcendent meanings out in history. And the blue-bird's nest, found in the hollow shell at West Point, makes "The Heart of It" another parable of the soul of good in evil. As fragments serve to show the agate's structure, so broken lines like these reveal the nature of his theism:

"Lo here!" "Lo there!" the former prophets cried:
No here nor there hath now the Spirit's tide;
Thrills with one voice the atom and the sphere,
"Yea, it is I, and there is none beside!"

The search 'mid signs and wonders for the God
Whose splendor shineth everywhere abroad,
And beacons every coast!

How name aright the Power that surges through
All times and worlds, Nature and human kind?

My friend is God, and ever by his grace,
Although by searching I can find him not,
My soul doth serve us for a trysting-place.

And he that is the shoreless Infinite,
And I that am an island on his breast,
Live in such wise that evermore he woos
My soul, and fills it with his great unrest.

This symbolism of sea and surge and beacon-light is very natural to him. One of his earliest picture-poems, "My Barnacles," he liked well himself, because he saw in it the rocks and tides of Marblehead. With scooping hands he has been carrying water from the sea's edge back to some of the wee, thirsty things that eagerly dispart their shells to take the moisture in:—

What think they of the sudden draught?
That 'tis the coming sea?
A little wave sent on before
The mighty company?

Believe it not: they know the step
Of the advancing sea,
Better than maidens know the feet
That come so stealthily.

They take with thanks the human help,
And still with patience wait
For the vast love to come and fill
The void it doth create.

So wait our souls on thee, O God!
Their longing is from thee:
All human help must ever hint
At thy sufficiency.

Come as the ocean comes, to give
Its energy divine;
Fold us in thy encircling arms,
And make us wholly thine!

"His Compassions Fail Not," another of his early poems, begins, "The farmer chides the tardy spring:" change but the first two words, and, whether "hymn" or no, it is a song of Spring-tide that the congregations in our longing north-lands would sing with glad appreciation on almost any April Sunday.

Our longing chides the tardy spring,
The sun withholds his wonted ray,
The days are dull and cold and gray,
No shadow doth the maple fling.

But still, O miracle of good!
The crocus springs, the violets peep,
The straggling vines begin to creep,
The dandelion gilds the sod.

The rain may fall in constant showers,
The south-wind tarry on its way;
But through the night and through the day
Advance the summer's fragrant hours.

And though the north-wind force him back,
The song- bird hurries from the South
With summer's music in his mouth,
And studs with songs his airy track.

So, Father, shall it be with me;
And whether winds blow foul or fair,
Through want and woe, and toil and care,
Still will I struggle up to thee;

That, though my winter days be long,
And brighter skies refuse to come,
My life no less may sweetly bloom,
And none the less be full of song.

Chadwick is well known as a hymn-writer, and about a dozen of his hymns are already in the books. They correlate with those of Samuel Longfellow and Frederick Hosmer and Whittier. The four together make a group of hymns whose growing welcome in the Church at large is prophetic of the piety and poetry of the rising faith. If we may call "It singeth low" the dearest hymn by Chadwick, and "O Love Divine" his other best, the one next known and loved to these, and possibly the earliest of all his poems to reach print, is his "Graduation Hymn" at the Divinity School in 1864, containing the fine "fellowship" verse that is likely to keep part of it, at least, among the immortals of our hymn-books:

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Though he was in great request as hymn-maker for religious anniversaries of various kinds, by no means all his hymns have become such of his own intent; some were left, as most of Whittier's were, in quarry, to have their possibilities discerned by other eyes, and be dislodged by other hands, than his, —he permitting changes needed to adapt them to the special service. The "Later Poems," published since his death, are likely to considerably increase his hymn-book list.

One of his most characteristic figures, used several times, is that of a little child leaning his head upon a father's breast. It is his own attitude in all his communion with God,—communion that is half-nestle of the heart, half-prattle of the lips. No one more like the Roman Catholic Faber in this than he, our Unitarian of Unitarians; they are brothers in the spirit, alike in their confiding approach, alike in their simplicity of speech with God. This resting child is seen most plainly in "A Song of Trust." It is one of the "quarried" hymns, and of his earliest writing (1865). He once said, "I have changed it so many times that I hardly know which form I like best, but I think that in the Harvard University hymnal,"—the form given here:

O Love divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast.
I pray thee turn me not away,
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest everything I need,
And all my need of thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, wherefore shall I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek alway,
And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to thee,
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me?

I do not pray because I would;
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust;
And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say,
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

I would not have thee otherwise
Than what thou still must be;
Yea, thou art God, and what thou art
Is ever best for me.
And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Shall sing itself to rest,
O Love divine, most far and near,
Upon thy tender breast!

In that the heart-side of the rising faith reveals itself.

On September 25, 1904, John Chadwick returned, as usual, from his summer hill-top home to Brooklyn. Three months more of happy work, and his people had already sent out to friends the invitations to celebrate the fortieth year of his settlement with them, when, suddenly, on December 11,—with pause just long enough to hold the single word "Good-bye" to her who had through all the forty years been close companion in his joy of life,—he passed away. This is the sonnet that he wrote of that last journey homeward,—in its last line writing, unconsciously, his own fitting epitaph:

Faint, Yet Pursuing

Splitting the evening silence like a wedge,
Our flying train sped its appointed way,
And high above the black horizon's edge
The full-robed moon made night a softer day.
And ever as she sailed through cloud and clear,
One faithful star toiled onward in her wake,
Seeming as if, with heart of dauntless cheer,
Night's argent queen it hoped to overtake.
In vain the toil; and to my inward eye
I was that star, the moon my flying goal,
Which through the spaces of an ampler sky
Still lured and baffled my adventurous soul,
Defeated ever, yet divinely blest:
One more insatiate striver for the best.

THE OLD DIVINITY HALL CHAPEL

Where Emerson gave the famous "Divinity School Address," in 1838—as John W. Chadwick described it in his poem at the Chicago Festival commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the address.

But one there was of "Harvard's factories red,"
Which to its own secluded corner led
The scholar's feet from busy ways apart,
To learn the preacher's lesson for the heart.
An upper chamber—even in such began
The Church her witness of good news to man—
For chapel served: with panelled walls severe,
Not yet ennobled with the faces dear
Of honest Noyes, and Francis ever kind,
Great-hearted Stearns, and Hedge of spacious mind.
The pulpit whence the poet-prophet spoke
Was smart with grain of well-dissembled oak:
The pews were innocent of cushions soft
Which tip the chin, not raise the soul, aloft;
The wheezy organ, stationed at the rear,
Made bitter anguish for the tuneful ear;
The narrow precincts scarcely could contain
A hundred, suffering patiently their pain
Save when, forgetful of themselves, they heard
Some present speech of the incarnate Word.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

MAURICE BROWNE, POET AND PHILOSOPHER: AN APPRECIATION

The younger English school of poets and thinkers are just now watching with absorbed and fascinated interest the opening career of Mr. Maurice Browne, of all their youthful leaders the boldest and most original.

Where will his genius carry him? How far will he go? These are questions that only the future can answer. But for myself I have never known a more supple and sensitive intellect than this young poet possesses, combined with a more devoted love of the good, the true and the beautiful.

Mr. Browne is not only able to enter into the most secret recesses of philosophy and art; but he has the yet rarer power of carrying others with him, and by means of his magnetic individuality compelling even the frivolous and skeptical to recognize the truth of Goethe's noble saying, "Earnestness alone makes Life Eternity."

Mr. Browne's knowledge of the literature of today is phenomenal in its grasp, its accuracy and its scope; but the drama is his own particular ground. There he reigns and revels; sure of himself, and sure, by his unparalleled critical insight, to bring all who listen to his words into the inner circle of the true initiates.

JOHN COWPER POWYS.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE PEACE SOCIETIES AT BERNE

I

The delegates of the Peace Societies of various countries, meeting at Berne September 26, 1911, recalling that in the general act of the treaty of Berlin signed February 16, 1885, fourteen states, amongst them being France and Germany expressed their desires, not only to settle in "a spirit of mutual good understanding" all questions affecting the development of commerce and civilization in certain regions of Africa, but also "to prevent misunderstandings and conflicts which might be aroused in future by fresh occupations of territory on the coast of Africa;" that the third article in the programme of this congress, presented by France and Germany themselves, provides as follows: "Definition of the formalities to be observed in order that fresh occupations of territory may be deemed effective;" that the first regulation under articles 34 and 35 of the final act provides "that every act of taking possession or acquisition of territory on the coast of the African Continent by one of the signatory powers outside its present possessions, also every protectorate, must be accompanied by a notification addressed to the other signatories, in order to enable them to establish any claims which they may have to make;" that articles 12 of this act provides as follows:—"In case any serious difference with regard to or within the limits of the territories mentioned in the first article and placed under the régime of commercial liberty should arise between the signatory powers of the present act or powers which may subsequently adhere to it, these powers bind themselves before appealing to arms, to have recourse to the mediation of one or several friendly powers. In the same case the same powers reserve to themselves the option of having recourse to arbitral procedure;"

That, finally, the provisions of the act of Berlin were expressly "recognized by the signatory powers as henceforth forming part of public international law:"

Considering that, in the final act of the second International Peace Conference, signed at The Hague, October 18, 1907, the powers represented, amongst which were Germany and France, were unanimous:

"1. In recognizing the principle of obligatory arbitration;

2. In declaring that certain differences, especially those relating to the interpretation and the application of stipulations contained in international treaties, are suitable to be submitted to obligatory arbitration without any restriction;"

That it results, if not strictly from the letter, at least from the spirit of these provisions, that Germany and France had long since engaged finally to settle their difficulites with regard to Morocco and Africa by mediation or arbitration;

That, in conformity with the spirit of advanced civilization of these two nations, their governments have no longer the right of making war to establish their respective claims:

Recalling also that the act of Algeciras had placed Morocco under the joint protection and control of the powers;

Express their regret that the governments of Germany and France should not, from the very first, have recognized publicly and formally, in conformity with the requests made to them by the pacifists of both countries, that their difference with regard to Morocco could not lead to war, but would be submitted, in case of failure of diplomatic negotiations, to mediation or arbitration. The governments would thus have fulfilled one of their essential duties by saving their nation from serious expenses, grave anxiety and ruinous losses.

II

The delegates of the peace societies request the governments interested to insert in whatever treaties may be concluded on the subject a provision that all difficulties relative to Morocco, to Africa and to Colonies and protectorates in general, which are not settled by diplomatic methods, shall be submitted to the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

III

The delegates protest against the mystery with which diplomacy surrounds its negotiations and against its incomplete or biased communications. They express the desire that official communications with regard to diplomatic negotiations should be supplied as frequently as possible, so as to keep the nations informed with regard to facts which are of essential interest to them, and thus to avoid false news, which only serve the interests of speculators of every kind.

IV

The delegates energetically condemn the action of the men who have sought to bring about war, whether on behalf of their own personal interests or in the name of a false or misconceived patriotism, and have not scrupled to employ calumny and insult against the authorities who did not serve their designs. They protest against the abuse, under such circumstances, of the national honor, which should, on the contrary, dictate respect of the nation's signature affixed to previous treaties.

V

The delegates congratulate the organizers of the numerous manifestations against war which have taken place They appeal to all well disposed persons to insure that pacifist demonstrations of public opinion should always and everywhere be arranged when an international conflict is threatened. They have observed with lively satisfaction on this occasion the emphatically pacific spirit of the peoples. The proof thus afforded of the power of public opinion entitles it at once to demand the international organization of a condition of peace and perfect security.

VI

The delegates would earnestly impress upon the different nations the necessity of suppressing, by constitutional laws, the right of sovereigns or heads of states to decide upon war.

The DREXEL LAUNDRY

3909 Langley Avenue, Chicago
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 642

BEST POSSIBLE LAUNDRY SERVICE

Bowman Dairy Company

Milk bottled in the country

Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk

Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all division offices.

Evanston ·-· Chicago ·-· *Oak Park*

HEALTH BULLETIN

USE WANZER'S GERM-NO MILK
WANZER'S DELICIOUS, RICH CREAM
WANZER'S BUTTER CUP BRAND CREAMERY BUTTER

All guaranteed and can be obtained only of

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS

21 E. THIRTIETH ST. Phone—Douglas 817
6315 KIMBARK AVE. Phone—Hyde Park 207
600 W. 71ST. ST. Phone—Stewart 139

ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS

INCORPORATED

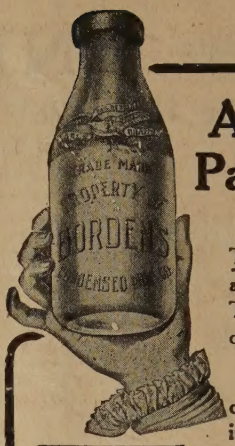
Frank R. Prieve, President
4821 COTTAGE GROVE AVE
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Do Your
COMFORTERS, BLANKETS
RUGS, LACE CURTAINS, DRAPERIES,
and
GARMENTS NEED CLEANING?

Phone **SCHUMANN & CO.** 1442 Douglas

3954 Cottage Grove Ave.



Are You Particular ???

The most important article of food is milk. The most important question is its purity.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of the milkman who is to supply the family with milk.

Supreme for Quality

For over half a century we have given the production, preparation and distribution of milk the most careful study.

Our wagons pass your door every day.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Tel. Central 4209 42 E. Madison St.

Chicago : Evanston : Oak Park : Maywood
Phones at all Branch Offices

1902-One Wagon
1911-10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.

Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Tel. Douglas 3882. Est. 1873

Wm. Wilson

Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery, Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago